

A N
O D E,

S A C R E D T O T H E
M E M O R Y
O F
General W O L F E.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. MILLAN near Whitehall. 1759.
[Price SIX-PENCE.]

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1850

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AT THE



A N
O D E,
Sacred to the MEMORY of
General W O L F E.

A M I D S T the Joy, for *Canada* subdu'd,
The Cannons Roar, and the loud Music's Bray,
The Songs, the Feasts, and Acclamations rude,
MELPOMENE pours forth her plaintive Lay;
While silent, I, beneath a Cypress Tree,
Sit sadly list'ning to the Tale she tells,
" Here, take the Lyre, she says, And learn from me,
" To touch the tender Strings where Sorrow dwells.
" In spite of Time these Numbers shall survive:
" WOLFE's Name, --- (and there she sigh'd) shall keep thy Verse alive."

II.

See! on the sparkling Night-wave now he rides:
And now he springs upon the adverse Strand:
Courage and Conduct are his only Guides,
For faithful *Mentor* never left his Hand.

Behind

Behind him, with hoarse Din, the Ocean roars;
 Each Path, on ev'ry Side, the Foe maintains;
 High o'er his Head a nodding Mountain foars;
 And see! The rugged Precipice he gains.
 More glorious than *Parnassus'* Height, of Yore;
 Or those rough *Alpine* Hills, which *Hanibal* pass'd o'er.

III.

Fir'd by the great Example on the Heights,
 His ready Troops their Battle now prepare.
 Calmly the Foes approach, their Gen'ral waits
 In all the dread Security of War.
 Now in close Fight the adverse Armies join;
 And *French* and *British* Courage now is try'd.
 When lo! Confusion fills the *Gallic* Line;
 And cheerful Shouts resound on *England's* Side.
 What means that sudden Pause?-----Alas! He falls.-----
 Revenge!-----Pursue!-----Revenge! Pursue them to their Walls.

IV.

So far'd it with the Chief of Old renown'd:
 " Pull out the Dart! Th' expiring Victor cry'd:
 " Living to see my Arms with Conquest crown'd,
 " I have liv'd long enough"-----And smiling dy'd.
 For this, Whate'er the *Greek* and *Roman* Page,
Polybius, *Cæsar*, *Xenophon* impart.

Oft' by the Midnight Lamp the youthful Sage,
 With Care had study'd, and had learn'd by Heart:
 To these he join'd the Modern Tactics all,
 And having learn'd to Conquer, Is content to Fall.

V.

Ye servile Copies of a Portrait fair!
 Ye distant faint Reflections of the Sun!
 Your Imitation and your Envy spare.
 Alas, your great Original is gone!
 And as he sinks beneath the Hemisphere,
 Again her Curtain fable Night extends;
 And lo! a Thousand little Stars appear;
 And sparkle by the Light his Absence lends.
 But come ye chosen Few, from Envy free!
 And praise his matchless Worth, and mourn his Fall with me.

VI.

'Twas he alone first dar'd to disapprove,
 Of military Forms the vain Parade;
 And all the useless Rubbish to remove,
 By hoary Custom venerable made.
 'Twas he first taught our *British* Youth to move,
 And Wheel with Regular, but Rapid Course;
 'Twas he first taught our *British* Youth to prove,
 The diff'rent Columns, various Use and Force;

Shew'd

Shew'd how the Front should Lessen, how Enlarge ;
 And 'twas HE taught them First, as at *QUEBEC*, To Charge.

VII.

Tho' rigid Discipline he still observ'd,
 Spirit and Martial Ardor he maintain'd ;
 And while he *British* Liberty preserv'd,
 By *Prussian* Rules the *British* Lion train'd.
 Thy great Example, *FREDRIC*, he pursu'd ;
 And tho' he wanted thy despotic Sway,
 With wond'rous Art their Spirits he subdu'd,
 And did not force, but taught them to obey.
 Our Twenti'th Legion, fam'd as that of *Rome*,
 Those Laurels shares with him that shall for ever bloom.

VIII.

As when some skilful Hand prepar'd to trace,
 With mimic Light and Shade, the glitt'ring Spring,
 The noblest Objects culls, and leaves the base ;
 So he has copy'd the great *Gothic* King.
 Like him he Virtue made his constant Theme,
 Like him on Virtue built alone his Fame ;
 But never push'd it to that rash Extreme,
 Where even Virtue lost its very Name.
 Tho' generous as he, not so profuse :
 His little Stock went farther by its noble Use.

IX. Tho'

IX.

Tho' sober and abstemious as he,
 The decent Meal he chose and wholesom Draught:
 Tho' firm his Heart, from Stubbornness 'twas free;
 Hardships he never shun'd, yet never fought.
 Quick, active, enterprising, prudent still,
 He nothing left to giddy Chance alone:
 His Valour yielded only to his Skill:
 And in his strictest Justice Mercy shone.
 But both in equal Thirst of Glory vy'd;
 And in their Prime both greatly for their Country dy'd.

X.

His public Virtues bright with noble Fire,
 Thro' private Life their gentler Flame extend;
 And as he shifts them we by Turns admire
 The Patron, the Companion, and the Friend.
 His noble, gen'rous, and extensive Mind,
 A thousand Bosom Friends at once contain'd;
 To all was courteous, and to all was kind;
 Nay me, ev'n me, his Friendship not disdain'd.
 A Thousand faithful Friends his Loss bemoan:
 Alas, their narrower Hearts found Room for him alone!

XI.

Lo! *Britain's* Genius smooths his Brow severe,
 And on our Triumph smiles with Transport feign'd;
 And strives to hide the gently stealing Tear,
 That mourns for Victorys he wou'd have gain'd.
 Illustrious Form! Accept the Poet's Pray'r!
 For *Britain's* Sake preserve this sacred Page!
 From Time, from Death, the glorious Pattern spare,
 And point it to thy Sons in ev'ry Age.
 There shall they learn to bring Thee Conquest home,
 And if they Fall----Laurels like his shall shade their Tomb.

F I N I S.